

Off For Slumberland.

Purple waves of evening play
Upon the western shores of day,
While babies sail, so safe and free,
Over the mystic Sea of Sea.

Their little boats are cradles light;
Their sails are curtains pure and white;
The rudders are sweet lullabies;
The anchors, soft and sleepy sighs.

They're outward bound for Slumberland,
Where shining dreams lie on the sand,
Like whisp'ring shells that murmur low
The pretty fancies babies know.

And there, among the dream-shells bright,
The little ones will play all night,
Until the sleepy tide turns—then
Then they'll come sailing home again!

—Caroline Evans, in St. Nicholas.

A SAILOR'S REMINISCENCE.

BY A. H. MODRICKER.

"Yes, yes, I believe in the Flying Dutchman, mates," said Tom Kieffman, as he took a sip from his can in the fo'ksel of the Caspertow, and set it down again. "I most certainly do, for I've seen the like, in my cruising among the waters of the world.

"I'd heard a great deal about the Flying Dutchman and other specter craft, but I was sceptical. However, after my own experience, I am willing to believe in phantom ships, witches, sea-serpents, and in fact everything.

"I had just gone home after a five year's cruise, and I had saved up my money so as to take a nice little sum home to the old woman, and I was welcome.

"Having been gone for so long, and being no hand with a pen to write home, I was afraid Mary might have got spliced again, believing that I had set sail for the port of paradise

"But, no; she was true to the sailor lad, though the country parson was cruising around her pretty sharp, and trying to beat windward of her affections.

"But then, Mary had a comfortable home which was all paid for, and the parson only got half a hundred a year.

"However, I broke up that matrimonial voyage, and silenced his yarns of affection for Mary, when I run in and dropped anchor at the old home.

"It was in 1845, that I got connected with the ship Falcon, cruising for right whales in the South Pacific.

"We were way down in latitude sixty-three, having followed the whales southward with extremely good luck, although with constant danger from bodies of ice, which were drifting from Antarctic circle, when we fell in with the Languedoc from our own port; and her captain, Bosworth, bringing with him his mate and two boat crews, came on board of us to see Captain Collier, our commander. Of course, a good chat was had among officers and hands.

"Having left home a year later than ourselves, the Languedoc's men had the advantage of us in the way of news; and they told us how such a ship was lying in docks when they came away; how such another was loading at the head of the wharf; how the Morrison Plummer had just got in, and the L. B. Stafford been heard from, and who had got married in the year's interval, who had died, etc, etc.

"But presently they informed us of a singular circumstance, which only a few days before had occurred in connection with themselves. Right in the midst of a school of whales, they had encountered the Flying Dutchman, which had just cleared their stern by not more than ten feet, and on her deck they saw that the crew was dressed in white, which were as silent and motionless as corpses.

"Now, mates, you know it is embarrassing to deny, to a person's face, the existence of a thing which he assures us that he has seen; however, I'm not over nice in this particular.

'One our crew said that he would try to believe enough of their story to oblige them; but this, with an old tar like Perry Davis was—poor Davis he is dead and gone now—is an unusual condescension with regard to a yarn involving doubt. Thus it may well be imagined that no attempt was made to disguise the incredulity with which the account of the Languedoc's crew was received in our fo'ksel.

"My mates evidently thought that there might be some foundation of fact for the story, but they were not prepared to accept all its embellishments.

"It was desirable to know what the Languedoc's captain would have to say on the subject.

"'Yes,' said our visitors, 'ask the old man. You can't take the turns out of what he says.'"

"We soon found that Captain Bosworth corroborated the story of his men, and related the extraordinary yarn to Captain Collier, while his mate was no less positive in the same direction.

"My mates, therefore, concluded that the Languedoc's crew had seen something very remarkable, although to what degree fear and wonder might have clothed it with terror beyond the reality was still uncertain.

"At all events we were placed sharply on the look out for an object so astonishing, hoping, yet half dreading, to see it.

'For some days the Flying Dutchman formed the chief theme of conversation on board the Falcon, and all that any of the crew had ever heard or read concerning the mysterious craft was brought up afresh and related with new interest.

'One night as we were running slowly we sighted a large schooner which was coming right down upon us, and the captain jammed his helm to port and hailed her hard.

'But he paid no attention to us, and came straight on, just clearing our stern by not more than six feet. It was a narrow shave, and the crew, most of whom were on deck, were terribly frightened.

"But I noticed something that I did not like.

"First the schooner was white all over from hull to truck, and on her decks the crew I saw were dressed in white, and they were as silent and motionless as corpses. The schooner also carried with her a chilly air that made me shiver, and I felt uncommonly uncomfortable. In fact it was the Flying Dutchman, and it had appeared to us in the same manner as it had to the Languedoc's crew.

"We got safely into port but we sent a dead body ashore, for one of the crew had died the day after we saw the phantom schooner, and this set me thinking more about the craft.

"Three months later we again sighted the white schooner. She was abeam, and coming on a course that would bring her across our bows, if the captain held on.

"Now, mates, the Falcon was a fast sailor, and the captain was determined to make the white craft go astern. So we shook out the reef, crowded on all she could carry, and sent her ahead at a slapping pace. But the white craft held her own without putting out another stitch of canvas.

"At last we were so near that the captain determined to hail her and cried: 'Schooner ahoy!' No answer.

"'Schooner ahoy, ahoy!'

"Still no answer, and he shouted, 'Confound you what craft is that?'

"No answer still, and right across our bows went the stranger.

"Then I felt the same chill as before, and in the darkness I saw the same silent, motionless crew.

The next moment up came one of the crew from below, and requested the captain to shorten sail, as the cook, who was ill, was too much shaken up.

"We took in canvas, but it did no good, for the man died the following day, and then I began to think that the craft was a phantom and not sailed by mortal men.

"For several months we continued cruising for whales, without seeing the craft, and my spirits rose, until one moonlight night as we were going into port, we again saw the identical phantom schooner.

"She came from inshore somewhere ran after us, overhauled us, and glided by so close that I could without difficulty have thrown a line on board, and not an answer could we get to our hail.

When I got home, I found that my old lady had slipped her life's cable, having died suddenly. Though that was fifteen years ago, I have never since seen the Flying Dutchman.

Written for The Better Way.

"Come, Let Us Reason Together."

BY JANE D. CHURCHILL.

And as we reason, let us ask ourselves, are we doing all that we ought to forward the reform movements of the present day, are we taking the interest that we should in the social and economic questions that are agitating the minds of thinking people everywhere. A crisis is approaching in the history of our country; a most important crisis; even now it is at our very doors. We have but to note the signs of the times to see that everything is unstable, agitation and unrest pervade the whole social fabric. A change must come ere long, and it lies with us, as a people, to make it a peaceful evolution into a higher and more advanced civilization. But if you are indifferent to our fate as a nation, looking on the mighty struggle that is now convulsing the country, with selfish unconcern, if secure in our own abundant prosperity, we regard not the suffering of our helpless brothers and sisters, ground down, as they are, under the iron heel of capital, degraded, driven to crime, and desperate in their effort to keep soul and body together, how can we expect our country to pass softly and peacefully through the struggle. We owe it to our country and our suffering brothers and sisters that we arouse ourselves and labor unceasingly in every movement that tends to elevate and assist humanity. The spirit world, recognizing the needs of the hour, has made clear the way in which we can work successfully. Angel messengers brought the light that was needed. When the world well nigh dispaired, a receptive brain was found and "Looking Backward" was written. The Nationalist clubs that have been organized as a result of thoughts awakened by that wonderful book are doing a grand and far reaching work for humanity. Every Spiritualist should be a member of a Nationalist club, that they may partially apply the teaching of the spirit world; there is no reason why a Spiritualist should not be a Nationalist, but every reason why he should be one. In towns where there are clubs of this description it will be an easy matter to organize them; there will be no difficulty in getting people to join, for the country is full of Nationalists waiting an opportunity to go to work.

If any information is needed in regard to forming clubs, or on the subject of Nationalism, it can be had by addressing Mr. Geo. H. Nutting, 59 Warren Ave., Boston, and stating what is desired. The platform of the First Nationalist Club of Somerville can also be had on application to the above address.

Written for The Better Way.

Growth in Heaven.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

The mother sat in thoughtful mood and watched fair Claribel
Standing among the garden flowers, pure as a lily bell.
The floating gold about her face, and white robes made her seem
Like some young angel, brightening a brief mid-summer dream.

How blest that mother-heart to rear so fair a child, I said,
"Oh, if you could but see the two! the living and the dead!
So near alike my infants were that never one could tell
The which it was one stooped to kiss Clarine or Claribel.

"They seemed like Paradisal flowers down drifted from the skies
Upon my pillar, all the love of God's love in their eyes!
But when they grew so large their feet chimed music on the floor,
One died. The preacher said "henceforth ye know her life no more!"

"That fateful day death's presence stood between my pretty pair,
I scarcely dreamed that any hope could lighten my despair;
It seemed so recklessly unjust Clarine lay dumb and chill,
While Claribel, her counterpart, lived, warm and laughing still.

"What, though I wreathed in agony, and loathed to draw my breath!
Though I should die, and all things die, she could not wake from death!
And so at length, by slow degrees, my soul began to cry
For something which could compensate my dire calamity.

"And lo! this truth flushed like a star athwart my spirit's gloom;
The growth of all unfinished lives beyond the silent tomb.
I knew as Claribel's sweet life unfolded in my view
As surely, and by such degrees, Clarine was growing, too!

"Ah, joy! no mortal tongue could say its joy words to me!
I know as well as soul can know, they walk in company,
And that as Claribel has grown from bud to perfect bloom,
Clarine has grown to womanhood beyond the Charnel's gloom!

"If I were called to Heaven this day my ready soul would meet
A daughter like my earthly child, serenely wise and sweet,
And so I thank you doubly much for all the praise you said;
I wish your eyes could see the two—the living and the dead!"

Our early dead! so safe—so safe from every sin and wrong.
We mourn a broken strain we thought would swell into a song,
We feel a hush which left unsaid a volume sweet and grand,
But life and growth in Heaven, as here, march onward hand in hand.

Colfax, Ia.

I attended the anniversary exercises in connection with the semi-annual meeting of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists held at Colfax, Iowa, March 29th and 30th.

Notwithstanding all the opposition brought to bear by the church element the meeting was a grand success. Cains Opera House being crowded at every session. The success of the meeting was largely due to the untiring efforts of Dr. O. G. W. Adams, who has been a faithful worker for many years for the spiritual world, being himself a remarkable medium and engaged in bringing healing to thousands all over the country. He has built a large sanitarian in that delightful place which has the advantage of pure air and the world renowned mineral water, so famous for its curative powers. It was in this hospitable home where all the visitors from a distance were entertained.

A great interest was manifest at this meeting by a large attendance of the friends and officials of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists, and plans were perfected for a glorious camp meeting this coming August. The addresses and tests were of a very high order and gave eminent satisfaction. Vice-President T. Wilkins, of Dakota; Secretary J. H. Randall, of Chicago; J. C. Wilcox, of Desmoines; Mrs. Theresa Allen, of Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Olive Blodgett, of Davenport, Ia. were the speakers and mediums on this occasion.

The anniversary address by Dr. J. H. Randall was an exceptionably high order of inspiration and was listened to by all with intense interest. The tests given by independent slate writing by Olive A. Blodgett, under control of her guide, little "Bright Eyes," and the descriptions, incidents and names in full of the spirit friends given was certainly very remarkable and satisfactory—every one being recognized, and fully sustained her reputation as one of the best platform test mediums.

While there it was my good fortune to hold a private seance with this medium, and for the benefit of others interested, I will relate as briefly as possible one of its remarkable features: Over thirty years ago, after the transit of a loved brother to spirit life, a man of some intelligence and ability, who was an artist and done much towards introducing the art of photography. Soon after his transit to spirit life, he predicted that the time would come when thought would be photographed, which prophecy has been fulfilled by a number of mediums, that he was pursuing his art with intensified ardor, and that I, possessing an organism similar to his own, he hoped at some future time he might be able to produce this artistic phase of mediumship through myself by the chemical principles of photography. All along the years through bitter persecution and the prejudices of those around me, which has never offered the condition for the fulfillment of his promise, he has through every channel he could use stimulated my hope that sometime in the future he would yet fulfill his prophecy. However after so many years of adverse conditions to its fulfillment I had lost hope. Living in this city as I have for the last five years my advantages so improved that I am conscious of a grand unfoldment, and during the last year I have been in direct communion with the loved ones on the other side. Having made an engagement with Mrs. Blodgett I sent up a soul cry that if he still hoped to fulfill his promise in the last years of my life to give give me a sign, as independent of the medium as possible for my reassurance. I sent out and purchased four slates, washed them and took them with me. I received communications upon every one of them from dear spirit friends. During the entrancement of the medium and under direction of the guides I placed two slates together and tied them up in a silk handkerchief, placed my hands on top of the slates while the medium sat on the opposite side of the table holding two other slates underneath. After a period of about three minutes I was still farther directed to untie the handkerchief and look at the slates; on the inner surface of one was a leaf of the passion flower—my brother's favorite vine—and a spray of forget-me-nots. The leaf was in a beautiful blending of colors, blue and rose, and the forget-me-nots in deep blue, with a starry center, and written in a beautiful color of rose and purple, blended. The following message in facsimile of my brother's writing:

"Darling Will"—"My soul touches thine. There is nothing impossible. Hopes fullest fruition shall be fulfilled. I thus symbolize all imperfect thought; it is my sphere—My promise. Your loving brother.

CARNELIUS."

The surface of the other slate was also filled in an altogether different style of writing, with a message from our spirit son, Frank, who passed to spirit life the 8th of March, sending greeting to different members of the family and friends, mentioning names and circumstances connected with his illness and passage to spirit life, of which the medium had no knowledge whatever. Upon opening the slates held by the medium I found a bunch of wood violets, and the following communication: "Touched by angel finger, and taken one by one from the vase on the table with love from Harry to Will."

This is only a part of what I received, but fearing my article is already too long I will only add that I shall avail myself of every opportunity for development, and still hope to bless the world as an instrument in the hands of spirit artists of no mean order, for proofs of the phenomena which has never yet been given to the world. S. W. L.

Obituary.

Died at her home near Downey, Cal., March 20, 1890, Mrs. Abigail D. Van Buren, aged sixty-nine years. She was born in the town of Stockbridge, Berkshire Co., Mass. She was married to Andrew D. Van Buren, June 27, 1841. They were afterward residents of New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota, removing to California, where the last three years of his early life were spent. She was long a member of the Episcopal Church, but of late years found her greatest comfort in her firm belief in spirit communion with our loved ones who have passed on before.

She is now free from the earthly conditions that retarded her, and her active spirit rejoices to take up the glorious work of the spheres.

Passed to spirit life, April 16th, from North Braddock, Mrs. Mary A. M. Lloyd in her 81st year. This estimable lady was strong in the faith that "casteth out fear." She was the mother of Mrs. Capt. W. R. Jones and Mrs. M. A. Robertson.

Services were held at the residence of Mrs. Robertson, on Stewart Avenue, and was largely attended by friends who knew and loved the mother of generations.

For her the glorious gates were open and in vision,
She saw the loved ones from the field's elisian.

The first service of Spiritualism in Braddock's the writer gladly gave in the presence of one "arisen" to immortal life.

EMMA J. NICKERSON.

Passed to spirit life, Mr. Franklin F. Fellows, aged sixty-two years and two months.

Mr. Fellows had been an ardent Spiritualist since 1851, at which time he and his companion were fully satisfied of the return and communion of our spirit friends who had passed to the higher life. This knowledge had been their consolation so many years. He never had united with a religious society, but was satisfied that in order to die aright we must live right. More than a year ago he made the special request that spiritual services should be conducted by Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, of Geneva, O. Her guides on this occasion chose for their subject, "Does death end all?" The address was brief but eloquent and full of rich thought in which the question was fully answered. The words of consolation to the mourning friends were truly consoling, having the assurance of a reunion with the loved one soon.

Yours truly, I. L. COOPER.

Dr. Harvey Clark passed to a higher form of life on the 28th of February, 1890. He was born in Nelson, N. Y., May 24, 1814. When a young man he was thoroughly educated for veterinary surgeon. He practiced his profession in Liverpool and Brooklyn, N. Y., and in Woodstock and Muscatine, Illinois.

In 1870 he came to Independence, and since that time he has been widely and favorably known in northern Iowa as among the very best horse trainers and veterinary surgeons in the country.

Since leaving Independence he has resided Osage, Nashua, and last at Allison. His health has been for sometime poor, and at last rapidly failing, he, with his wife, went to Independence to visit his only brother, Harmon. His strength rapidly sank until the 28th of February. He cheerfully bid farewell to mortality.

Dr. Harvey Clark was a decided out-and-out Spiritualist. He was a man of unquestionable uprightness in business, a genial companion and a perfect gentleman. He was especially compassionate to man and beast—as tender hearted as a woman. There was a nobleness and an uneffected sincerety about his whole demeanor which has seldom been equalled in business life.

He leaves a widow, and one daughter, the wife of Gus Westfall, and an only brother, Harmon Clark, of Independence, Ia. J. W.

Passed to the higher life from Allegheny, Pa., April 7th, Miss Rebecca J. Carlisle, aged twenty-eight years. The services were conducted by Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston.

Miss Carlisle was a woman esteemed by all who knew her, for her many virtues and good qualities of mind and heart—true in her life to our glorious philosophy. She saw in the moment of departure her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Carlisle, who preceded her by only a few months to that "far countree".

After the service, emblems of flowers were described by clairvoyant friends, and Miss Carlisle stood in our midst radiant as an arisen soul.

The deceased possessed the gift of "new tongues," and to her the vast chambers of immensity were filled with familiar hearts and loving faces. The casket that bore the mortal remains were removed to the old home of the family at New Castle, and a second service at the residence of Mrs. Rigby, sister of Mrs. Carlisle, called a concourse of friends together to listen for the first time to what Spiritualists believe. A smile of peace lay upon the silent face, as if the glory of an angel kiss had fallen there to speed the parting breath.

They'll be missed, but not forgotten,
Nor shut awa from sight,
For golden deeds of mercy shall,
Shall keep the old place bright.

Three golden lilies in the folded hands;
Three angels fair to lead to stranger lands.
A brow serene, and calmly smiling face,
A sudden glory filling all the place;
And this is death.

Three golden deeds abloom above the breast;
A flower-strewn pathway for the silent guest
A radiant spirit, clothed with gentle grace,
A star afloat, to light our dwelling place;
And this is life.

—EMMA J. NICKERSON.

Written for The Better Way.

To Our Journals.

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To bring glad tidings of great joy—
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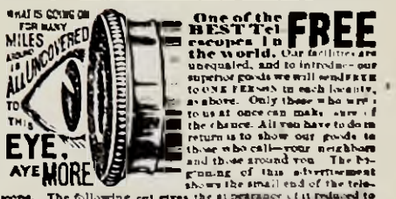
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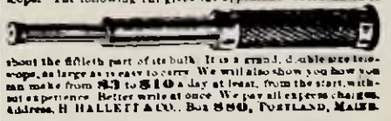
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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I noticed a piece in your paper which some one claiming a place in the great family of humanity, and who we claim as a brother, as we think he has a soul that is a spark of that same Supreme Being that we are, has written, and which you published in your paper of February 15th, under the heading of "The Lord's Prayer." We do not feel competent to write in answer to that; neither did the writer ask for an answer, but we would ask for the privilege of giving our light on the same subject, the same as he has given his. We would write in all respect to your former writer, as we believe in every one thinking and acting up to the highest they have yet realized with them.

In the first place, I think that if there is anything that will bring good conditions, either in public or private meetings of any kind, it is prayer. The one who prays at such times is more liable to have more holy, elevated thoughts and desires than he who sits gambling or quarrelling with his neighbor, or any one else, at the same time just across the way. Whether it changes the Supreme law or not, it oftimes changes him or her to a limited extent, as to throw a spiritual rapture through their whole being, that they would not otherwise feel, and benefits in many ways, both themselves and each one present who comes en rapport with them.

In speaking of "The Lord's Prayer," it begins with "Our Father, who art in heaven." Well, we had much better in this way than in a great many other ways which would be no better, for if He is everywhere He must then be in heaven, for it is somewhere, and we most certainly would not address Him in hell, as I am sure that would not call out high spiritual aspirations, which we pray to obtain. I have said heaven is somewhere; it is within each and every one, the heaven which that one creates, and it is all around, above and below you, and I believe hell is on the same principle, it is within every one, the hell that one creates within himself, the same he is prepared for unless he rises out and above it, for we can progress; but the idea that there is no hell is as absurd as to say there is no heaven, for they are both spiritual conditions, but the way I have spoken in the above is as though heaven is always a holy place. It is not necessarily so. I say there are high and holy heavens where only the high and holy abide, and then they grade downward to the very lowest heaven or hell, which the beings who dwell there have fitted themselves for.

Then comes "Hallowed be Thy Name." Most certainly it should be hallowed, not cursed by any means. It should be reverenced to that extent that the thought of that ever watchful eye, that all loving and lovable one, would so animate our being with holy desires and give us that spiritual food and strength that we would have greater energy to get up and answer our own prayers. When we seem to be alone and oftime friendless, how much strength it gives our tired, weary spirit to know that we have a loving Father that is mightier than all else, and who loves even the least of His children. Yes, we find it seems very simple, when only thinking of it, to keep His name holy, but how many keep it so in their words and acts? How many profane the name of the All Mighty by even disowning there is or ever was one who gave them an existence and created love in either their own or any one else's breast for them. No, I suppose that those who think there is no Creator think that man, poor man, makes this great orb rotate on its axis, and set all the stars in the firmament or else they must think that it all happens by chance. I know they call it nature or natural laws; but what is nature and how did nature originate? Nature, I hold, does not express intelligence, it does not create; it is the mere routine which all go through. But where does the soul come from, that progressive, unsatisfied being within? Does it come from nature? No! Nature is of the material or corporal part; it decays and comes again; but the soul, the spark of that All Highest One, never dies; therefore there is a Jehovah, an All Highest. If there was nothing but nature or natural laws to govern this great universe, the family of humanity would be as wild beasts, not aspiring to progress. Humanity would never have attained the high mountains of light and progression where it stands to-day. It is the soul, the spark of that divine and ever present One that owns all humanity, as brothers and sisters, and strives only to make others happy, losing all sight of self. The spirit is but the body (so to speak) of the soul; it individualizes the soul. The spirit is more or less selfish. It is that part which causes one to love only their own relatives, and lose interest in the rest of humanity. I hold that all animals or living things have a spirit. They are also more or less selfish. They love themselves, or their kind, or some one who will do something for their welfare; but they do not desire spiritual progression, nor do they desire to worship anything but their stomachs; they have no soul as man has. I have often heard that "money is the root of all evil," but I have always said that "selfishness is the root of all evil;" it can be traced back to selfishness every time.

Next comes, "May Thy Kingdom Come," etc. I say peace will never reign supreme until it does come, until every living brother and sister begins to do some one else some good, or at least tries to, and forgets to think only of self; until we all look around us, wishing to help some needy one, and not caring whether it be a relative or even a friend, but help whomsoever we can; when each and every one has love dwelling supreme within his or her breast for all, malice toward none, then will the kingdom of heaven be founded on earth, and I do not think if there is anything we need to-day, or any day, to come, it is the kingdom of heaven on earth.

And next comes "Give us this day our daily bread." Well, most certainly he does give us our daily bread, and everything else that we have, for there is no one else who has it in his power to bring this earth into the seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter, and without even these we certainly would have no bread.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive," etc. It is true, we do not forgive fellow brothers and sisters enough, but that is no sign we should not, and we cannot, feel that we are forgiven until we forgive. So long as we do not forgive a sister or brother we do not feel happy; to the contrary, we feel unhappy, unless our sensitive feelings have become very much hardened. So let us forgive, and we will soon feel a great benefit by it, and can also feel that we have been forgiven.

"Lead us not into temptation." It would indeed be more honor to His name if we would say, "Make us strong to shun temptation," as our kind, heavenly Father never desired to lead His children into evil of any kind.

"But deliver us from evil." He is willing and will help all His children who show a desire to obtain light, and for them to pray in this way brings them into that condition that they may receive. There is no use to offer bread to one who is not hungry or desirous of any, for at that time they would not appreciate your kindness. It is true we have to rid ourselves of evil, but we can also at the same time obtain help and spiritual strength through prayer, for prayer is answered. It depends upon how we pray whether it is answered or not. If we pray all for self, forgetting and not even caring whether there is any one else living besides ourself or not, then I say that prayer is not very likely to be answered. If I prayed, "take me to Chicago to attend the World's Fair," I would not expect (if I had any ordinary reasoning powers) for that prayer to be answered, but when we pray unselfishly and for the good of all (though it be in stammering language, if it is uttered with a full soul) it is understood and answered.

Next comes "For thine is the power and glory forever." Well, if He has not all power, who has? If there is anyone else who has more power than He we have not seen it manifested. He is all powerful, and certainly all glory is due to him. So let us live to develop our soul, letting it be supreme over all else. And then we will grow to be a glory, in His works. We must remember each one is required to do their part, though it be but a small part each one can do, they are required to do all they can. I do not believe in praying to our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts or cousins, for they ofttimes are no farther on the path of progress than we or any one else are, and we must remember them also in our prayers with all the rest, for they need light and help as those who are still dwelling in a corporeal form, and we ofttimes may be a means of help to them if we will. Merely losing this material body does not change the spirit, therefore it still needs spiritual light and strength, and is still dependent on the same kind Father that we are. Then let us pray and work (for we can do both at the same time) for the Father's kingdom on earth, and be sure we each do our part in bringing it, and it will be sure to come. We need not look for it in all its perfection in a few short months or years, and no one now living on the earth may see it perfect while they stay in the body, but I have faith that we will see it sometime, though we may then be dwelling in the spirit spheres; and we know it depends on each doing their part, though it be small, all go to make up the whole; each gem of humanity, though small, has a place to fill.

R. W.

Reported for The Better Way.

A Surprise Party.

On Friday evening, April 25th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Roth tendered Mrs. Roth a surprise party, the occasion being the birthday anniversary the latter. Many valuable presents were given and a very pleasant time was enjoyed. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Starry, Mrs. Kate B. Dechant, Mr. and Mrs. Bush, Miss Hoon, Mr. and Mrs. Vehr, Mr. McLain, Mrs. G. King and daughter, Mr. Clifford Starry, Miss Hoffner, Mrs. Fred Webber and Miss Viola Webber, Harry P. Dechant and others. After a bountiful repast the party broke up at a late hour.

Moses Hull has sold his paper "New Thought" to the BETTER WAY, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and he and Mrs. Hull will hereafter devote their time to platform work, for which they both are well adapted. The coming season promises to be a fruitful one to them. Moses is a good editor and the world needs more of his written thought, but the platform is his main forte and there is a greater need for such talent as his in this field. There are fair prospects of their favoring Chesaning in the near future.—Chesaning Argus.

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Written for The Better Way.

Is there Such Thing as Mental Telegraphy?

BY WM. PHILLIPS.

Some people claim there is, and it is reported that among the more spiritual advanced people of India mental telegraphy is no uncommon thing; in fact, I have heard the claim advanced that some such feats were known to have occurred within a few years past among the people of the United States. My own experience teaches me there is such thing as mental telegraphy between embodied and disembodied spirits, for I have talked with my departed spirit friends as a man would talk with his neighbor, without the intervention of a medium, on several occasions. In one instance for several hours at a time, and that, too, on the most advanced thought of the age—evolution. A field of thought I had never at that time heard of, for in those days Darwin was not known to the world, either as a thinker or a writer. I will relate one fact which I think goes far to sustain the claim.

Last summer my brother Benton borrowed a frower for a few weeks of my son John, but before he returned it took a homestead in the mountains, forty miles distant, and knowing he would need a frower to rive his shingles when he arrived at his new home, took it with him. Not long after John took homestead also. And as a frower was a necessity in getting out material for building purposes, sought to find his, but could not do so. Not remembering distinctly that he had loaned it, he sought to test the question by mental telegraph. And, summoning his soul powers, put the question: 'Benton, have you got the frower?' But instead of waiting for an immediate answer, went about his work. In a few days he received a letter by mail from Benton, saying: "Yes, I have the frower; I heard your question and hastened to answer. I knew I would need it here, but thought to have returned it before this time."

I see nothing strange in such philosophy? Are we not all spirits, though yet in the form? And those who have arisen to the spiritual plane, and have formed a magnetic rapport, one with another, may, if they so will, converse with each other, though miles of distance seperate them.

Adelma Von Vey.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Permit me to explain what I considered an error, published a few weeks ago in THE BETTER WAY:—"Adelma Von Vey, Baroness Wurmbrand," you had Adelma Vox Vey, Gonobitz and place that town in Spain. I want to say to the readers of THE BETTER WAY that the Baroness Adelma Von Vey and her noble husband are Spiritualists of long ago, who live in Styria, near Gonobitz, Austria. Their education is Catholic, but when Spiritualism came along it caught them up, and made both husband and wife excellent mediums.

Through the mediumship of the baroness, Austria has received quite a number of good spiritual books; the profit on their sale was always devoted to charitable object, some to the widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers were slain in their late war. And the profit from others, to the establishing of a soup kitchen for poor children who came from the adjacent mountains and valleys to the village school, as she saw them standing around at noon time on cold winter days without eating anything, the baroness pitied them, and now for years each winter has kept open her soup kitchen; last winter she thus supplied a bit of bread and a bowl of soup to seventy odd children. The writings of the baroness are tinctured with the doctrine of reincarnation, in which she is a stanch believer. One of her works has lately been translated into English "Geist, Kraft, Stoff," but the manuscript has not yet been given to the publisher. A new work "The Spirit Spheres Around the Earth," is now in press and will soon be given to the public. The mediumship of the baroness is of a high order, and her controls have made wonderful predictions, which invariably came to pass. Her "Visions in a Glass of Water," is truly a marvelous little book.

When we consider the austere religious sphere which surrounds the baroness, and what she daily has to encounter from the enemies of liberal thought in her home and nation, we must place the good baron and his devoted Adelma in the front ranks of the pioneers of Spiritualism.

JOHN A HOOVER.

Testimonial.

Dr. Dobson—Dear Sir: It is now about three weeks since I commenced taking your medicine. At that time I was a great sufferer, and had been for about two years, the cause of which is better known to you and your good spirit guides, but words cannot express my feeling of gratitude to you and your band for the complete change I have experienced. When I commenced your treatment I was weak, now I am strong; I felt old, now I feel young; I was seldom without pains, they have all flown; I was miserable, but, thanks to you and your spirit band, I am happy and in search of some other sufferer who needs your help. I pray that the good angels will continue their work with you and bless you as you have been instrumental in blessing me.

I feel that I would need another month's treatment, as you suggested in your letter on treatment, for which I remit post office order.

Yours respectfully,

G. H MEADOWS,
226 Sandford street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Henry H. Warner, inspirational trance lecturer and test medium, may be engaged for 1890-91 by addressing him at 441 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

Mr and Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, inspirational speaker and test medium, leave Minneapolis, Minn., in June for Eastern Camp Meetings, and will take engagements on the way.

Mrs. Maggie Stewart, platform test and clairvoyant medium, 201 East Main street, Piqua, Ohio, can be engaged for the winter months by societies in need of first-class talent. Address as above.

Mrs. Foye has been doing a grand spiritual work for the past two months in Denver, Col., and will continue her engagement with "The College of Spiritual Philosophy" for several months longer. Her address is 2558 Welton street, Denver Colorado.

G. W Kates and wife closed their engagement in Indianapolis, Ind., Sunday, April 27th, and held two meetings in Brazil, April 30th and May 1st. During May they will serve the Spiritual Society of St. Louis, Mo., where their address will be 2919 Olive street.

Lyman C. Howe speaks in Washington, D. C., during the month of April. He is yet free for May and June, 1890. He is engaged for Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, July 29th, 31st and Aug. 3rd at Cassadaga; and from Aug 9th to 18th at the Iowa Camp Meeting. He is yet free for last two weeks of August.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has been holding parlor meetings and giving public lectures during March and April at Elmira, N. Y., Elgin, Ill., (including the anniversary and Easter Sunday), Dubuque, Strawberry Point, Fayette and Castalia, Iowa. Address him at his home, P. O. Box 123, Scranton, Pa., for engagements.

Mrs. H. S. Phillips has been giving tests of spirit presence at the meetings of the Key Stone Spiritual Association at southeast corner 10th and Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., and will be at Trenton, N. J., 515 Market street, on and after April 16th. Open for engagements. Address 556 Spruce street, Camden, N. J.

Moses Hull speaks for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in San Francisco, Cal., up to and including May 4th. He can be addressed at 3 Stockton street, San Francisco. He returns to Chicago by the middle of May, after which he and Mrs. Hull are open to engagements, either separately or together in the central and eastern states.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson's engagements for April, May and June are as follows: Worcester, Mass., April 6th; Marlboro, Mass., April 7th and 8th; Lowell, Mass., April 13th, May 4th and 11th; Haverhill, Mass., April 20th; Fitchburg, Mass., April 27th; Springfield, Mass., May 18th and 27th; West Winsted, Conn., May 22nd; Cincinnati, Ohio, Sundays in June.

Dr. W. A. Hale, President of the Echo Spiritualist Society, Boston, Mass., has the last two weeks of July, also the months of August and September open for camp meeting engagements. Associations desiring his services as a lecturer and test medium should address him at once at his office, 66 Russell street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass. Terms reasonable.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will answer calls to lecture for the season of 1890 and '91. Would like to make engagements in the South; either New Orleans or places along the route from Washington to New Orleans or Florida, or would like to engage on the Pacific Coast and enroute. All correspondence should be addressed her at her home, 210 4½ street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Dr. J. H. Randall having received in response to announcing his proposed lecture trip West many applications, has decided that he will pass over the Milwaukee and St. Paul, Northwestern, Union Pacific, Rock Island, C. B & Q., Illinois Central railroads, and will be glad to hear from other points on any of those lines. He will go, through Dakota and Montana as far west as Butte. Address 229 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

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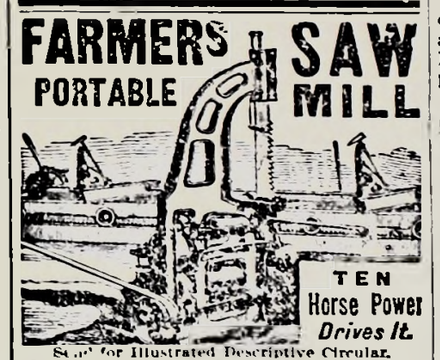
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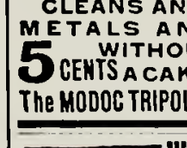
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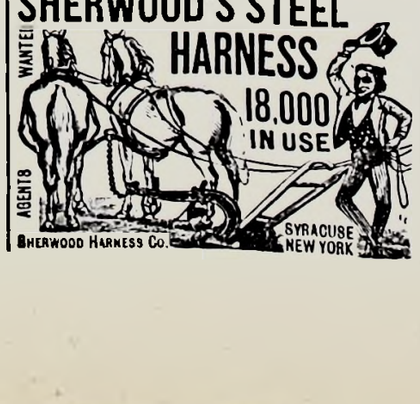
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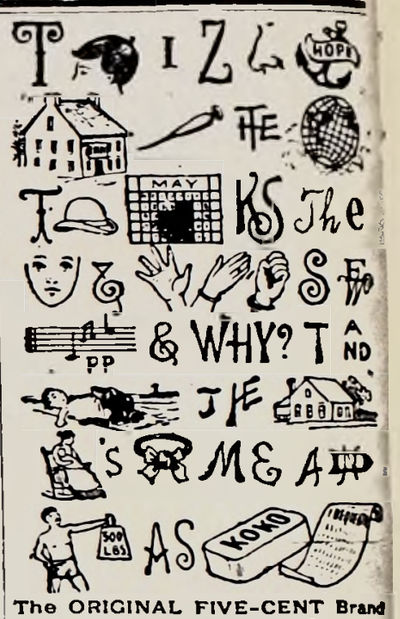
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